Fenomeno Gets A Boner

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Fenomeno Gets A Boner

by AllAborde (Bordementions)

Summary

Meno gets a boner while on duty, so he goes to his trainer for a little help

Notes

Hiiiii sorry for the delay I'll get back to writing soon I just have a tonnnn of commissions to get through

thanks

Also I want to jack off fenomeno and maybe also blow him platonically I swear to god

See the end of the work for more notes

The current silence that filled you office was a rare and precious commodity, something to be savored like a fine wine. Outside, the sounds of Tracen Academy hummed along—the sounds of running out on the racing field, the chatter of students between classes, the general cacophony that accompanies youth and ambition.

But in here, there was only the quiet scratch of your pen against a training report and the thrum of the desktop computer. It was peaceful. It was productive. It was a blissful state achieved only because your charge, Fenomeno, was out on his self-appointed patrol.

You trusted him, of course. Mostly. You trusted him to be ridiculously intense about the academy's minor bylaws, to correct students on the proper angle at which to carry their bookbags, and to salute the groundskeepers with a fervor usually reserved for visiting dignitaries. You did not, however, trust him near anything delicate, emotionally fragile, or prone to being terrified by an eight-foot-tall monolith of a man yelling about the importance of proper hydration. So long as he stuck to his usual rounds, your paperwork was safe.

At least that's what you had hoped.

A sudden knock at your door interrupted that supposed quiet, however it wasn't loud at all. In fact the only reason you could hear it was because of how quiet it was. Well it wasn't Meno, that much was certain.

It wasn't anything like his usual knock—three sharp, authoritative raps that sounded like a battering ram politely asking for entry. This was a hesitant, fumbling sound, a timid tap-tap... tap that seemed to apologize for its own existence. You paused, pen hovering over the paper. Whoever it was you couldn't identify them by that much.

"Come in," you called out, swiveling in your chair.

The door creaked open, but only a sliver. For a moment, nothing happened. Then, the door was pushed fully inward and the massive frame of Fenomeno filled the doorway, forcing him to duck his head to clear the top of the doorway. But instead of striding in with his usual parade-ground posture, he shuffled inside like a schoolboy summoned to the principal's office.

He shut the door behind him with a soft click and stood there, a giant, miserable statue in navy blue and yellow. His officer's cap was pulled down so low the visor nearly touched the bridge of his nose, casting

his sharp, violet eyes into deep shadow. His broad shoulders were slumped, and his hands were clenched into fists at his sides. From your seat, you had to tilt your head all the way back just to see his face, a posture you were long used to.

“Meno?” you asked, your voice laced with an amusement you couldn't quite hide. “Everything alright? Did a rogue leaf fall in a non-designated leaf-falling zone?”

Fenomeno flinched at your voice. He took another shuffling step into the room, his gaze fixed on a particularly interesting spot on the carpet to your left. A faint sheen of sweat glistened on his temples, and his prominent horse ears, usually standing at sharp attention, were twitching nervously.

“B-boss,” he began, his voice uncharacteristically reedy and strained. He cleared his throat, that sound about as lovely as gravel turning over. “I… apologies for the interruption of your duties. It is… unscheduled.”

“It’s fine, Meno. What’s up? You look like you just tried to ticket a storm cloud for loitering.” You gestured to the chair opposite your desk. It was a sturdy visitor's chair, but it always looked like dollhouse furniture whenever he sat in it.

However, he completely ignored the invitation, remaining rooted to the spot. His tail, which usually swished with confident authority, gave a single, agitated flick, thumping against the filing cabinet with a dull thwack that made him jump.

“N-No, Boss. The weather conditions remain within acceptable parameters,” he stammered, finally risking a glance in your direction before his eyes darted away again. “The situation is… of a more… personal nature.”

Now you were intrigued. You leaned forward, resting your elbows on the desk. “Personal nature? Don’t tell me someone finally took your ‘jaywalking is a gateway to villainy’ lecture seriously and turned themselves in.”

A faint flush crept up his neck, a dark crimson against his skin. He started sweating more profusely now, his gloved hands wringing each other in front of him. He looked utterly miserable, a state so contrary to his usual zealous self-assurance that it was almost adorable.

“This incident… it requires… a formal report,” he managed to get out,

his words clipped and tight. “However, the standard reporting procedures… they do not seem adequate to convey the… the sheer magnitude of the infraction.”

“Okay, you’re officially scaring me,” you said, your tone softening slightly at his genuine distress. “Just… talk to me, Meno. Out with it. Whatever it is, we’ll handle it.”

He took a deep, shuddering breath, the reinforced coat straining against his chest. He seemed to be steeling himself, gathering every ounce of his disciplinary committee training to make a simple statement. His violet eyes, still mostly hidden by the shadow of his cap, squeezed shut for a moment.

“Boss,” he said, his voice dropping to a whisper, trembling with a potent cocktail of duty and sheer, unadulterated embarrassment. “There has been… a wardrobe malfunction.”

You blinked. Once. Twice. “A what?”

“A… compromise of my uniform, Boss,” he elaborated, his voice cracking on the last word. He finally lifted his head, and you got the full, mortified glare of his slanted eyes. They were wide with panic. “Of a… critical nature. During patrol. Involving… a seam.”

He gestured vaguely, one trembling hand hovering near the heavily strapped and pocketed pants on his right leg.

“A seam,” you repeated slowly, letting the word hang in the air. All this drama. The flustered knocking, the sweating, the existential crisis… over a torn seam. It took every ounce of your professional willpower not to burst out laughing.

“A-affirmative, Boss,” he choked out, looking like he’d rather be facing down a stampede. “A… significant structural failure. In a… high-stress region of the uniform.” He swallowed hard, his Adam's apple bobbing. “It is… it is an unforgivable dereliction of duty on the part of my trousers. And I… I require immediate assistance.”

You let out a breath you didn’t realize you’d been holding, a laugh finally bubbling up and escaping past your lips. The tension in the room, so thick you could have cut it with a knife, evaporated into simple, hilarious absurdity.

“A seam, Meno? That’s the emergency?” You shook your head, a wide grin spreading across your face as you reached for the top drawer of

your desk. “God, you had me thinking a wing of the academy had collapsed. Here, I’ve got a little sewing kit. We can patch it up, or you can just go change. No need for a formal report like that.”

He watched with wide, panicked eyes as your hand closed around the small plastic case of the emergency sewing kit. His reaction was instantaneous and frantic.

“NEGATIVE, BOSS!” he yelped, the sound several octaves higher than his usual tone. “That course of action is… insufficient! Needles and thread are not the required tools for this… this situation!”

You pulled your hand back, startled by his outburst. “Okay, okay, calm down. It can’t be that bad. Is it a long tear? Did you rip the whole backside out or something?”

Fenomeno’s entire face, from his collar to the tips of his twitching ears, went a shade of deep, violent red. He looked like a massive, uniformed bruise. He was breathing heavily now, his chest rising and falling in sharp, ragged motions.

“The structural integrity of the fabric is… uncompromised,” he ground out, forcing the words through his teeth. “The… failure… is not a tear. It is… it is an unsanctioned, unauthorized… physiological event.”

Your amusement began to curdle into genuine confusion. “Physiological? Meno, what are you talking about? Did you pull a muscle?”

“NO!” he practically shouted, before immediately cringing at his own volume. He lowered his voice, which was now trembling uncontrollably. “Boss… it would be… a gross violation of decency codes for me to continue patrol in my current… state. My presence… it would cause public alarm. I cannot… I cannot be seen.”

He was making no sense. You stood up, wanting to get a better look, but that only made the height difference more pronounced. From here, your eye level was barely at the thick red harness strapped across his chest. You had to crane your neck back painfully to see his face. “Meno, you need to use smaller words and just tell me what is wrong.”

He squeezed his eyes shut again, as if the sheer force of his will could make this conversation disappear. He was vibrating with humiliation. “B-boss… I…” He swallowed, his throat working. “I… I am experiencing… an erection.”

The word dropped into the quiet office with the force of a dropped anvil. Your brain took a second to reboot. An… oh. Oh. The ‘sartorial compromise.’ The ‘structural failure.’ The ‘unauthorized physiological event.’ It all clicked into place with sudden clarity.

“I… see,” you finally managed, your voice carefully neutral as you slowly sat back down, your legs suddenly feeling a bit weak.

“It was an involuntary lapse in discipline!” he burst out, his carefully constructed composure shattering completely. His hands flew up in frantic, placating gestures. “I was observing the track team’s drills, ensuring all safety protocols were being met, and then… my thoughts… they deviated from the assigned mission parameters! I swear it was unintentional, Boss! I did not mean to abandon my duties for… for this… this insubordination!”

You held up a hand. “Meno, it’s… okay. It’s a natural thing. You don’t have to treat it like you’ve committed treason.”

“But it is!” he insisted, his voice cracking with desperation. He took a step closer to your desk, and the sheer scale of him was suddenly overwhelming. He loomed over you, a mountain of mortification. “My focus should be absolute! I was… I was contemplating your training regimens. Your… your dedication. The strategic brilliance of your methods and… and the way you…” He cut himself off abruptly, a flustered look of pure embarrassment dawning on his face as he realized what he was saying. The accidental admission hung in the air between you. He had been thinking about you.

His gaze dropped to the floor, unable to meet yours for even a second. His face, if possible, grew even redder. And as he stood there, practically on top of your desk, your eyes were inadvertently drawn downwards.

His explanation hadn't prepared you for the reality. The thick, heavy-duty fabric of his uniform pants, designed for durability and enforcement, was stretched taut in a way that left absolutely nothing to the imagination. You weren’t really paying attention to it before, but now that you had seen it you couldn’t really pull your eyes away. It wasn't a subtle issue; it was a significant, pronounced tenting of the material, a huge, rigid bulge that strained powerfully against the constraints of his uniform. It was, you realized with a jolt, enormous. Completely proportional to the rest of his towering frame.

He saw where you were looking and made a choked, strangled noise

in the back of his throat. “B-boss, please!” he pleaded, his voice now a desperate, jumpy fluster. He was so close you could feel the heat rolling off him. “I apologize profusely for this… unprofessional conduct. But I cannot rectify the situation on my own. It is… unresponsive to standard de-escalation tactics. Please, Boss… I require your assistance. Tell me what to do.”

“Assistance?” you echoed, your voice a faint squeak that was barely audible over the sound of his ragged breathing. “Meno, what exactly do you think I can do about… that? That is… that is profoundly outside my job description.” You gestured vaguely at his groin, a frantic, helpless motion. “My duties extend to your racing career, not… your uh… uniform malfunctions..?”

Your words, meant to establish a boundary, seemed to have the opposite effect. A low, pathetic whine escaped his throat, the sound of a large animal in distress. He shifted his weight, and the thick leather of his harnesses creaked in protest. His wide, violet eyes were glassy with unshed tears of humiliation and sheer, desperate need. He looked down at you, this towering enforcer of rules, now a pitiful, whining mess completely at the mercy of his own body. He was suffering, and you were the only one he had turned to.

Something in your chest tightened. It was ridiculous. It was unprofessional. But seeing him like this, so utterly pathetic and vulnerable, stirred a reluctant, protective instinct. Steeling yourself, you took a breath, your tone shifting from panicked to clinical. Someone had to be in control here, and it clearly wasn't him.

“I… alright. Fine,” you said, the words feeling foreign on your tongue. “What have you already tried to do? Before you came here.”

He flinched, the question clearly causing another spike of shame. He wouldn't meet your eyes, his gaze locked on the corner of your desk as if it held the secrets to the universe. “I… I retreated to a secure, private location, Boss,” he stammered, his voice thick. “A custodial supply closet on the second floor. I attempted… a manual override of the… situation. To… to procure a release.”

You processed that. “You tried to masturbate.”

“Affirmative,” he choked out. “The attempt was a failure. The… condition… it only… intensified.”

Of course it did. The problem wasn't just physical; it was mental. It was you. A heavy sigh escaped your lips. There was no easy way out

of this. Slowly, deliberately, you pushed your chair back and stood up. The movement was a decision, a crossing of a line you knew you could never uncross.

The change in elevation put you face-to-face with the problem. With you standing, your eyes were almost directly level with the straining, massive bulge in his pants. It was a monumental sight, the thick fabric stretched to its absolute limit over large obstruction. You could feel the intense heat radiating from it, even through the layers of his uniform. He was an absolute wreck, his whole body trembling as he squirmed under your gaze. He was panting openly now, his flush-faced, lust-blown expression making it clear he was horny beyond comprehension.

“B-boss,” he whimpered, his voice a raw, pleading note. He looked at you with the desperate, worshipful eyes of a dog begging for a command. “P-please… you’re too close… I can’t… P-permission to… to relieve the pressure? It… it hurts. May I… take it out?”

He waited, panting and trembling, for your word. He wouldn't move, wouldn't dare, without your explicit say-so. The silence stretched, thick as molasses, as you stared at the impossible situation before you. Finally, you gave a short, sharp nod.

“Go ahead.”

Permission granted. A shudder wracked his entire frame. With hands that shook so badly he could barely manage, he reached for the front of his pants. The sound of the heavy-duty metal zipper being pulled down was shockingly loud in the quiet office, a harsh, grating buzz that echoed the frantic energy coursing through him. He fumbled with the clasp, his fingers clumsy with haste and arousal, before finally pulling the fabric apart.

What flopped out was nothing short of breathtaking. It was an absolute monument of a cock, thick and heavy, bending down under it’s own weight from the space between his legs. It was a deep, flushed crimson, corded with thick veins that pulsed violently with his frantic heartbeat. The head was a slick already, swollen and weeping thick, clear splurges of pre-cum that dripped slowly from the tip, gathering in a sticky pool on the heavy shaft before oozing down onto his trembling fingers. It was massive, utterly obscene in its proportions, and it throbbed in the open air like a was alive.

He let out a long, pathetic whine, his head thrown back as he stared at

the ceiling. “B-boss…” he gasped,followed by some needy mumbling. “Thank you…”

His cock was right there, inches from your face, pulsing with a life of its own. The air was thick with the musky, burning scent of his arousal, and the heat pouring off his body was like a furnace. You were so close that when you let out a shaky breath, the puff of air ghosted over the head of his cock.

The reaction was electric. His entire body convulsed with a violent shudder. The massive shaft jumped, spasming in the air, and a fresh, thick tear of pre-cum welled up and dripped from the tip. A choked, guttural whine tore from his throat.

“Boss!” he gasped, his violet eyes blown wide with a mixture of agony and ecstasy. “Orders… please… I need… I… orders…”

He was putting it all on you. The pressure, the decision, the responsibility for this spiraling, stupid mess. He had completely surrendered, a massive war machine waiting for its commander to tell it where to aim. Your mind raced, trying to find the path of least resistance, the quickest way to end this excruciating situation.

“Just…” you started, your voice hoarse. You cleared your throat. “Try again. What you tried before. Maybe… maybe it’ll be easier for you now.”

“A-affirmative, Boss,” he whispered, the words laced with a pathetic, eager obedience.

His gaze was locked on his own dick as his trembling, shaking hand came up. He fumbled with the clasp of his leather glove, pulling it off with his teeth and letting it fall to the floor. His bare hand, huge and calloused from training, slowly moved towards his erection. He hesitated for a fraction of a second, then wrapped his fingers around the base of the thick shaft.

It was a futile effort. His enormous hand, even in comparison to his dick, was slightly small, the engorged sexual organ on another level entirely. His fingers barely made it over halfway around the staggering girth. With a shuddering breath, he began to pump. His hand slid up and down, slathering the length in precum, the sound was erotic in the now quiet office. He squeezed his eyes shut, his jaw clenched tight as he tried to avert his gaze, to find some corner of the room to stare at, anything but your face.

He was a mess. Every slow, slick stroke sent tremors through his body. He writhed on the spot, his hips bucking forward with a desperate, animalistic rhythm. Low, guttural moans rumbled in his chest, punctuated by sharp, needy gasps. He was trying so hard to obey, to finish this as ordered, but it was painfully obvious it wasn't working. He was too aware of you, too overwhelmed by the humiliation and the thrill of being watched. He was just stoking a fire that was already burning out of control.

This was going nowhere. A wave of frustrated resolve washed over you. You were in charge, and your current orders were ineffective. It was time for a new strategy.

“Meno. Stop,” you commanded. Your voice was sharp, cutting through the haze of his frantic pleasure.

He froze instantly, his hand locked around his shaft, his panting breath the only sound in the room. His eyes snapped open, wide and confused, pupils blown out. “B-boss?”

“Just… stop,” you repeated, more firmly this time. “Come here.”

Before he could process the order, you moved toward him. You placed your hands on his broad, trembling chest and pushed. He was an eight-foot-tall beast of solid muscle, but in his current state, he was utterly pliant, stumbling backward without resistance until the back of his knees hit the edge of your desk. With another firm shove, he collapsed onto it, sitting on the scattered paperwork with a heavy thud that made the whole desk groan.

His long legs were spread wide on either side of you, trapping you between them. The position was nothing short of shameless, and left him completely exposed. His massive, pulsing cock jutted up from his lap, aimed right at your stomach.

You looked down at it, then at your own hands. This was insane. But you had to do *something*, otherwise you would be here forever. Taking a deep, steadying breath, you reached out.

Your fingers made contact with his burning hot skin. He let out a sharp, stifled moan, his whole body arching off the desk. The sheer size of him was breathtaking. You tried to wrap one hand around him, to gauge his thickness, and failed spectacularly. Your thumb and middle finger didn't even come close to touching on the other side. It was like trying to grip a tree branch. The flesh was incredibly dense, heavy, and thrumming with a powerful, frantic pulse beneath the skin.

He was squirming under your touch, his hips bucking weakly, his head thrashing from side to side just from the simple touch alone. A pathetic, whining sound escaped his lips, a plea that was no longer addressed to a superior officer.

“B-bossss…” he whined, “Mmnngh… Ah… please… I…”

The broken sound of your title on his lips was the final push you needed. This wasn't just about a biological problem anymore; it was a complete and total surrender of control. He was yours to command, and the only command that made sense was to see this through. Your hesitation melted away, replaced by a strange, heady sense of authority.

Your fingers, still failing to fully encircle his massive cock, tightened as best they could. You started to slide your hand down the thick, pulsing shaft, then back up, the motion slick and easy with the sheer amount of pre-cum he was producing. At the same time, your other hand moved lower, finding the heavy, swollen weight of his balls. They were large and firm, filling your palm completely. You cupped him, your thumb pressing and massaging in a slow, deliberate circle at the base of his sack.

The dual sensations made him cry out, a raw, high-pitched sound of pure pleasure. “Ah— Boss… d-don’t…. FghnnfGNNN!”

He was an absolute wreck. His entire body was trembling, his powerful muscles locked and quivering with strain. His hands gripped the edges of your desk with such force you could hear the wood groaning in protest, his knuckles stark white. For a terrifying second, you thought he might actually splinter the solid oak. All that incredible, athletic strength, all that disciplined power, was being channeled into the singular effort of not flying apart under your touch.

“Please… Boss, I… I can’t…” he stuttered, his words a spasmodic, sniveling wail. He was bucking against your hand, a desperate, mindless rhythm that was pure instinct. “It’s too… ngh… please…”

You kept a firm, steady pace, your hand sliding up and down his gargantuan length while your other thumb continued its deep, rhythmic pressure on his balls. You noticed his eyes were squeezed shut, his head thrown back, his teeth gritted in a pained-looking grimace. He was trying to disconnect, to endure this as a procedure. You wouldn’t allow it.

“Meno,” you said, your voice curt, making absolute sure he could hear

it through his mental storm. “Look at me.”

His eyelids fluttered, but he didn’t obey. He just whined, a pathetic note of denial.

“Look at me,” you commanded, your voice sharper this time. You punctuated the order by squeezing the base of his shaft, right where your fingers met his pubic bone.

His eyes snapped open. They were a mess. Flooded with emotion, the sharp violet of his irises was ringed with red, and the corners were pricked with unshed tears of sheer overstimulation. His face was flushed a deep crimson, his lips parted as he panted for air. He looked pathetic, and somehow utterly beautiful. He stared at you, his gaze locked with yours, as you continued to stroke his massive, throbbing cock in your hand. He could now see you touching him, see the way his own body was spewing slick fluid all over your fingers.

The visual connection was clearly doing something to his already panicked brain. A loud, open-mouthed moan tore from his throat.

“Boss…” he gasped, watching your hand move on him. The sight made his hips buck harder. “B-boss… please, keep going… Boss, please…”

His dick was leaking constantly now, each throb of his pulse pushing out another thick, clear globule of precum. It was making your grip slick, almost difficult to maintain. He was so big, and you were struggling to apply the right pressure with just one hand.

Deciding to escalate, you removed your hand from his balls. He whimpered at the loss of contact, but you immediately brought it to his shaft, joining your other hand. With a two-handed grip, you could finally get some purchase. One hand wrapped around the thick base, the other overlapping it higher up. Now you could stroke his entire, incredible length. You picked up the pace, your hands sliding up and down in a firm, relentless rhythm, twisting slightly with each stroke to stimulate every nerve.

“BOSS!” he screamed, his voice cracking as he stared at you, his eyes wide with disbelief and encroaching bliss. “B-boss I… I…!”

He was on the edge, a precipice of pure sensation, and you were the one pushing him over. Your two-handed grip was relentless, stroking his massive cock from base to tip with a firm, practiced rhythm that gave him nowhere to hide. His powerful frame was completely

undone, his hips bucking and thrusting desperately against your hands like a frantic animal. He was trying to fuck your grip, to bury himself in the friction you were creating.

“BOSS! BOSS!” he roared, his voice raw and torn. He was leaned all the way back now, his head was thrashing against the scattered paperwork on your desk. “I’M— I’M GONNA—!”

His entire body locked up, every muscle going rigid with a strain that was almost painful to watch. He was right there, a split second from climax, but then, impossibly, he stopped. His hips froze, his powerful legs trembling with the monumental effort of holding back. His discipline, buried deep under layers of pure lust, made one last, desperate stand.

He looked at you, his face an absolute ruin of beautiful desperation. Tears streamed freely down his flushed cheeks, mixing with the sweat and the thin line of drool that dripped from his parted lips. His eyes, wide and pleading, were locked on yours. He was whining, a low, pathetic sound deep in his chest, the sound a dog makes when it's begging.

“Boss… please…” he sobbed, his voice a shattered wreck. The words were barely recognizable. “Permission… to…c-cum…? Please… please, may I cum, Boss?”

Your heart hammered against your ribs. He was giving you everything, even the final, explosive moment of his own pleasure. You leaned in closer, your voice a low, steady command in the storm of his arousal.

“Yes, Meno. Permission granted.”

The word “yes” was the key that unlocked him. A choked, grateful cry tore from his throat and he completely melted. The tension shattered, replaced by pure, unadulterated release. “BOSS!” he screamed, a sound of absolute worship, as he began to fuck into your hands with a renewed, frantic power. His hips slammed up against your grip again and again, a final, desperate rhythm. You had to brace yourself, tightening your hold to withstand the sheer force of his thrusts.

His massive dick swelled to an impossible size in your hands, the veins standing out with the bloodflow that was required to fuel such a monster. A violent throb, a deep, shuddering pulse, ran through his entire length, and then he erupted.

A huge, thick, pearlescent rope of cum shot out with incredible force, splattering against your palms. It was thick as cream and unbelievably warm. The sheer pressure and volume of the first load was staggering; it overflowed your grip instantly, spilling from between your fingers and down your wrists. Before you could even process it, his cock throbbed again, and a second, even bigger load gushed out, painting your hands, his stomach, and the front of your shirt in a coat of potent semen.

He kept cumming, massive load after massive load, his head thrown back and his body convulsing with each powerful pulse. He whimpered and cried, completely lost to the world, the climax ripping through him with a violence that was both terrifying and beautiful to behold. There was so much of it. It dripped from your hands onto the floor, pooled on his quivering abdomen, and soaked into the papers on your desk.

Finally, after one last, shuddering pulse that sent a final, thick dollop of semen onto your knuckles, he was done. The violent convulsions subsided into weak tremors. A long, boneless sigh rattled out of him, and his entire body went limp, slumping heavily on your desk in the messy aftermath. His chest heaved with ragged, exhausted breaths.

“B-boss…”

End Notes

https://discord.gg/XqJzJ6ByTz

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